

Eclogue XVIII

by Frederick Smock

Bernheim Forest

The meadow hears everything:
the long histories the trees like to tell,
the whispering of rabbits in their warrens,
the snap judgments of dragonflies.

As you and I walk across the Big Meadow,
I like to think that it hears us too,
not just what we say aloud to each other,
but also what we do not say,

even the breaths we take,
such delicate wind on such a vast space.